The Thorn

The Acorn

Souvenir Edition

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Published by
Class of
December, '08

To the Faculty of the Alameda
High School, in recognition
of their many kindnesses and
their good will, the Class of
December, '08, dedicates this Acorn

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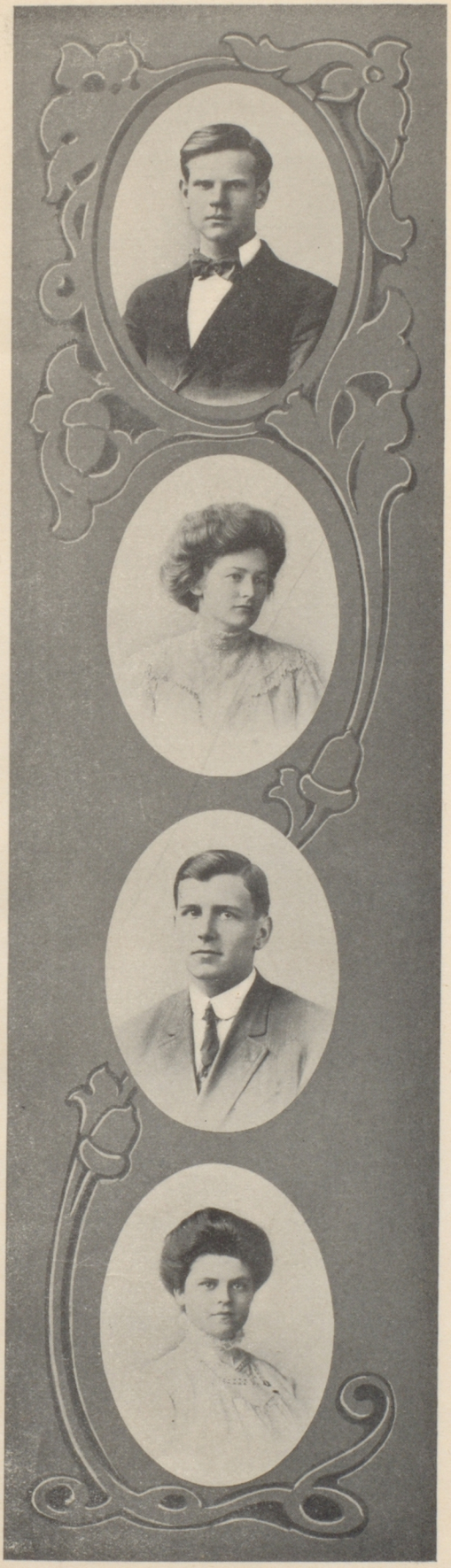
Class
of
December
'08

Cary A. Troy
President

Wynne Meredith
Vice President

Kenneth Rogers
Treasurer

Jane Connor
Secretary



Homer Spence

Mildred Lansing

Meredith Parker

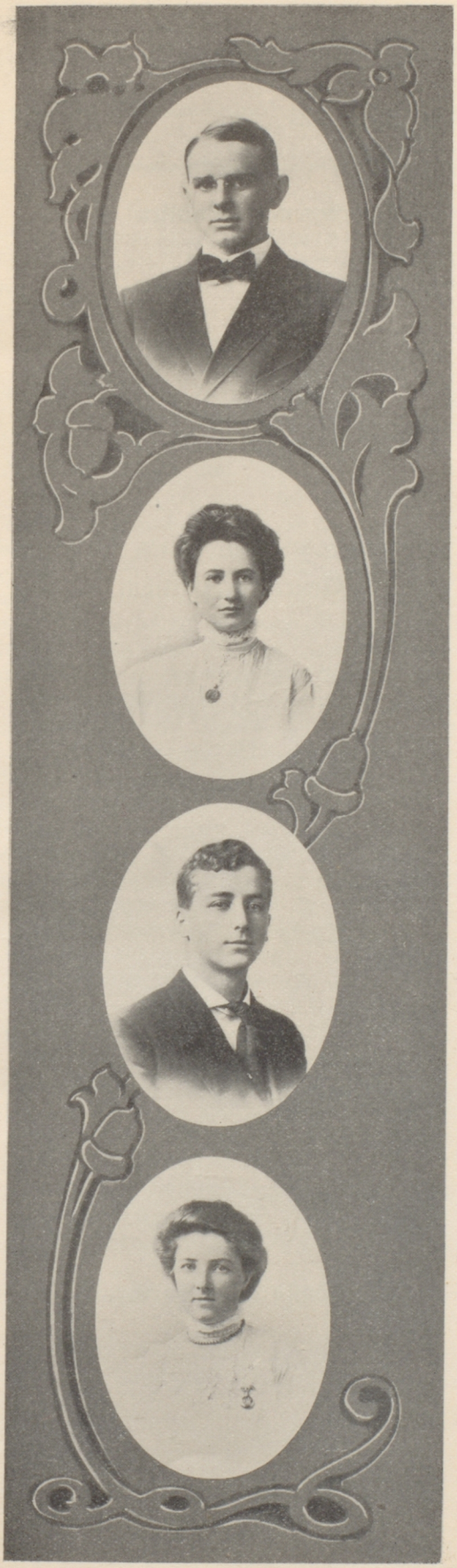
Lucy Standefer

Edwin Meyer

Erna Seeger

Bolivar Jurado

Genevieve Bowers



Spencer Brush

Gertrude Brown

Leslie Bates

Helene Powell

Spencer Mastick

Genevieve Pattiani

Earle McCann

Edwin Charles Graff

Class History

It was four years ago when the class of December, '08, entered the high school, entered with the same bewilderment and unfamiliarity that every Freshman class feels. Everything was so strange those days, and made one seem so insignificant—except when one met his grammar school friends. Then, oh, how grand it was to be in the high school!

The class was large then, with its enrollment over sixty. It intended being a pretty fine class from the first, but expected to be a large one, too. The four intervening years have proved that its intentions were certainly fulfilled, even if its expectations were a wee bit too hopeful. Sad to say, many of the original sixty have been "lost, strayed, or stolen," as it always happens, and but twenty are left to tell the tale.

In our second year, we remember, the comment appeared in THE ACORN that the Juniors were fresh as ever—maybe fresher. We were the Juniors, then, as the second year was then called Junior, instead of Sophomore. We felt quite proud of the insult, which meant that we were lively enough to make ourselves known—and that suited us exactly. We continued to make ourselves known, especially when one of our members was elected for school president, the following year, an honor usually reserved for a Senior. Just about the time of the election, the victorious baseball team of '07 carried the town by storm, as it were, and several of its members, including the captain and the pitcher, were our classmates.

The class organized permanently the next fall, and chose the following as officers: President, Spenser Brush; Vice-President, Miss Lucy Standefer; Secretary, Miss Wynne Meredith, and Treasurer, Miss Genevieve Bowers. Its Low Senior officers were: President, Spenser Brush; Vice-President, Miss Standefer; Secretary, Miss Bowers, and Treasurer, Kenneth Rogers. A very successful dance was given that term in honor of the class of June, '08, and will long be remembered as one of the most enjoyable social functions ever given. It was ably managed by Homer Spence, assisted by Miss Wynne Meredith and Miss Gertrude Brown. The decorations were pretty and artistic, due to the efforts of the decoration committee, composed of Miss Grace Lovejoy, Miss Mildred Lansing, Miss Lucy Standefer, Miss Genevieve Bowers, Miss Ione Connor, Leslie Bates, Cary Troy and Spencer Mastick

So now, on the eve of its graduation, the class of December, '08, stands before you. "Quality rather than numbers" is its motto. As you glance over "Who's Who" on the last few pages, do you not realize how many of the school's recognized leaders are among the list? Was there ever a larger per cent of celebrities in any other class?

The class of December, '08, bids its goodbye with the utmost confidence in the future success of the Alameda High School. To that success and to the school's general welfare the coming alumni pledge their loyalty and devotion.

THE EDITOR.

Graduating Class Tales

[With apologies to Chaucer]

It befell that in the tyme of springe,
When mosquitoes from marshy londes do singe,
As I stopped to reste in Oakalonde,
With the College Ynne so near at honde,
Thereto I went, to tarrye till nexte days,
And then to Alamedahe wende my waye.
For I was wolden on a pilgrimage,
Unto the land far famed for green cabbage;
For there the classe of naughtye eight left schoole,
And mong them alle you coude nae fynde a foole.
And as I stopped in that hostelrye,
Full twentye came in one greate companye.
Within my mynde I tried to find their mate,
And then I recognysed olde naughtye-eight.
First Leslye Bates, a doctour of phisik,
Well coude he kille or cure within a weeke.
Genyveve Bowers, a deaconesse,
To her their synnes they all confesse.
Then Spencer Brush, reportour for "The Tymes,"
To his papere he always sendes in lymes.
Nexte, Gertroude Browne, of woman's clubs a prexe,
She talked of suffrage for the other sex.
Ione Connoure, queene of societye,
As coye a damselle as you e'er coude seye;
Then came a dwarfe who leaned upon a staffe,
His name, methynkes, must sure be Graffe;
He spendes his dayes, as you shoude knowe,
As a second Thom Thumbe for a vaudeville showe.
Bolivare Juradoe, foe of tongues,
To saye his name tired oute our lungues;
A count of Alamedahe-on-Canal,
A lordownere, the shire of Fruitvale, Cal.
Mildrede Lansynge, a nonne of Notre Dame,
As meke and mylde as any blonde lambe.
Spencere Mastyke, who coude fix up your face,
In fotograffes he sure did sette the pace.
"I say, I say, digge hup that 'arf a crown,"
Cryde Earle McCanne, a cabbye of renoun.
Wyn Merydythe, of "College Widowe" fame,
She was a verrye talle and statelye dame.
"Nexte statioun's Parke," brawls Edwynne Myerre,
For he was brakeman of the H. B. Flyerre.
Merydethe Parker, just then satte downe,
In circuses he was the clowne.
Genyveve, with "villein stille pursuede her" aire,
Directoire-cladde, just now they are not rare.
'Twas sayde she coude surpasse the faire Maxine,
In the Parke Operahe House was she the queene.

Helene Powelle comes nexte, a schoole mistress sedate,
Woe to the Freshye whom she fyndes late.
Kennythe Rogers, although a good chemiste,
Well coude harveste a crop of hay, I wiste.
Ernah Segerre, a hello-girl and classye,
Ne'er o'er the phone did she gette sassye.
Homerre Spence, of pleys a managerre,
His genius brighter than his hairre.
Nexte Lucye, a fashionable millinerre,
Nowe Carrye Troye, a book agente was he,
And talked as much, no doubte, as any three.

Here endeth the prolog.

M. P.

"If"—? Oh, Goodness Me!

S stands for Seniors, oh, gracious, how mighty,

E for the excellence which they all show;

N for the nonsense that goes with the flighty,
So doesn't mean '08, as you so well know.

I stands for if, as regards graduation,

O for the order the class meetings see,

R is the rough house we'll have in vacation,

After we graduate, "if"—oh, goodness me!

C stands for class December, '08,

L for its lasses, the finest of all;

A for its actors, especially Kate,
Our dark, naughty Pattie, so very small.

S stands for studying, that didn't get done,

S also our school, the best you'll e'er see;
How we will miss it, its work and its fun,
After we graduate, "if"—? Oh, goodness me!

Last Will and Testament of the Class of December, '08

I, the Class of December, '08, being sound in body and in mind, and realizing that my large estate should be left in the best shape possible, in case of accident or death from chronic Ex-itis, from which I suffer, do hereby make and declare this my last will and testament, and hereby revoke all other wills made by me heretofore.

First: It is my wish that all debts or bills incurred by me during my lifetime shall be presented to Mr. John D., for his kind consideration. This is my last earthly request.

My worldly estate I do give and bequeath in the following manner, to-wit:

Item I. I do hereby give and bequeath my bank account of several millions (or several cents, as the case may be) to the athletic fund, for its sole use and benefit forever. Provided, that the bulk of my fortune shall not be spent in one place.

Item II. I do devise and bequeath all my superabundant gray-matter to the next Physics class, for they'll need it in their business.

Item III. I do give and bequeath my socialistic tendencies to Mr. Westergard for his sole use and benefit forever, with the proviso that he see to the election of Debs in 1912.

Item IV. I do hereby bequeath Miss Pattiani's curls to Captain Kiser, for his sole use forever.

Item V. I do hereby give and bequeath the dimensions of "The White Elephant" to Mr. Togo Mikado, on condition that he join the football squad.

Item VI. I do give, devise and bequeath Mr. Troy's bluffing abilities to all the digs in the high school, for their use and benefit forever.

Item VII. I do bequeath my queening propensities to Mr. Harry Kassebaum, for Miss Meredith's sole use forever.

Item VIII. I give and bequeath my interest in the crude oil possessed by the school to Fruitvale, to comfort it in its misery and sorrow.

Item IX. To Mr. Willis Minium I do will and bequeath Mr. Parker's humor and Mr. Brush's stock of standard jokes, for his use when in need.

Item X. Lastly, I do name as executors of this, my last will and testament, Dr. Thompson and the Faculty, realizing that they have nothing else to do.

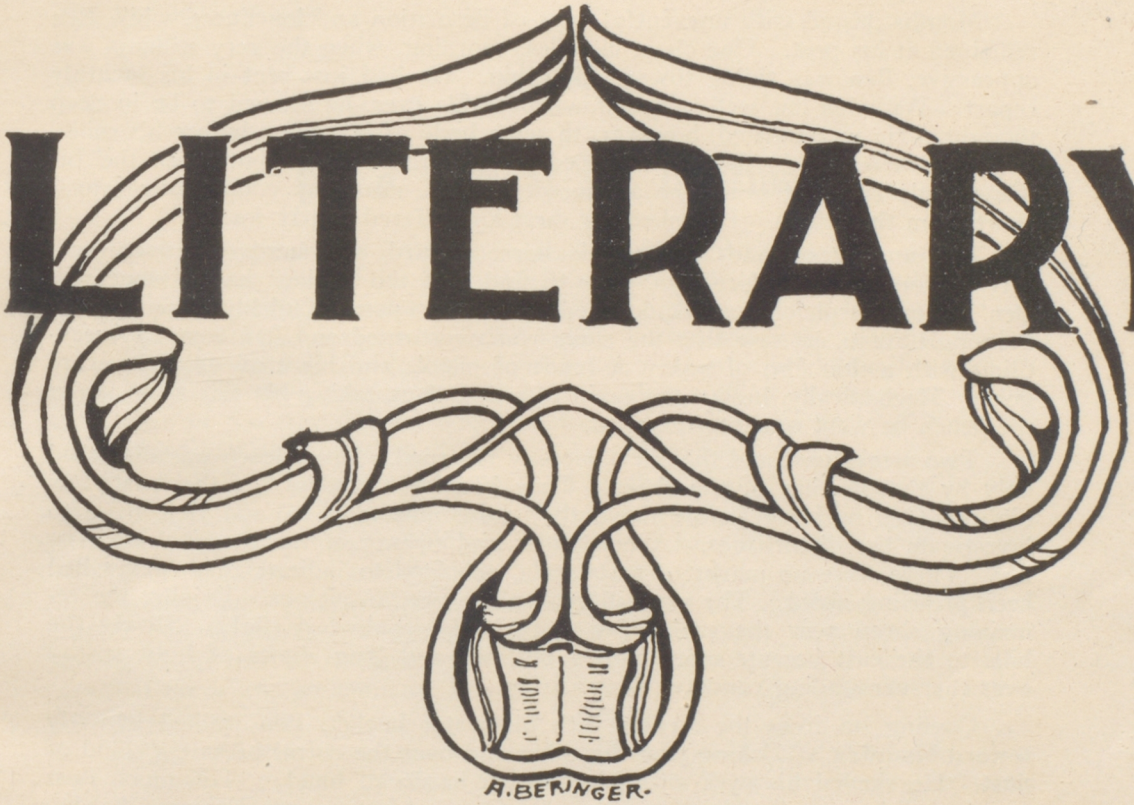
In testimony thereof, I, the Class of December, '08, hereby affix my name and my seal on this, the sixth day of November, one thousand nine hundred and eight.

(Seal) CLASS OF DECEMBER, '08.

In witness thereof, and in the presence of the writer, Class of December, '08, and at his request, we do hereby affix our signatures.

DON QUIXOTE.
SANCHO PANZA.

LITERARY



The Sheep Herder

In a broad valley near the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, a little cabin stood in the shade of some friendly willows on the banks of the Little Truckee. In the shelter of this cabin lived the herder of the Bar X ranch. It was a rugged hut, made of roughly hewn logs, hauled from the nearby hills, with but one door and one window. Here Ben Marsh, a robust fellow of middle age, came into possession of his little world, isolated and practically unknown—a meagre, uninteresting world of sagebrush and sheep. Now and then a small tuft of willows marked the course of the Little Truckee. Why a man of Ben's abilities and education, for he was a college graduate, chose such a desolate life, none knew, nor were destined to know. The town gossips argued that it was a love affair; others said it was a crime; for most men of Ben's ability did not come to that country of their own free will.

Months passed with uneventful days of desolation and loneliness, while Ben remained at his post. One clear, cloudless morning, when the very stillness was oppressive, Ben was riding toward his cabin. He had just sent in his monthly report. With his hat well pulled down over his eyes, he seemed to be in deep thought. He was startled, however, to see a body of horsemen before his cabin, Indian horsemen. At first he intended to get behind cover, but when the Indians made signs of peace, he advanced. A tall, muscular young brave stood apart from the others. He asked for meat and offered to pay for it.

Ben understood and spurred his horse toward the herd. He returned, driving four sheep before him, only to find that the Indians had disappeared. Ben became suspicious, and quickened his horse's pace. Quickly stepping into the single room, he saw that the stove was overturned and had covered everything with a thin film of soot. A brace of pistols and his army blankets were gone. Mechanically, he put the cabin to order, then, taking his rifle from under the bench he went out into the open.

Two weeks past and the old monotony returned. The silence was disturbed only by the bleeting of the sheep. They had been restless for the past few nights. One morning before dawn they were unusually so, and Ben arose to investigate the disturbance. A bell-leader and twenty of the sheep were missing. There were no marks of a struggle, no blood to indicate that wolves had been prowling about. The very stillness alone was auspicious. Driving the remaining sheep near the cabin, Ben impatiently awaited daylight. Slowly the hills to the east became more clearly outlined and long shafts of light spread over the surrounding country. It was day.

Coming up from the stream with his water bucket, Ben walked leisurely toward his cabin. Looking past the cabin and over the corral he saw a cloud of dust. He shaded his eyes with his weather-hardened hand. "Too much dust for sheep," he mused; "must be ponies." On nearer approach, however, he discerned a party of horsemen. With an oath he dashed for the door, bolted it, and took down his rifle from the rack. Peering through the window he saw the party dismount and picket their horses. A short parley, then they scattered, steadily advancing toward the shack, using the low bushes as shelter. One, more reckless than the others, peered cautiously around a clump of trees. A rifle report rang in the still air. The Indian dropped with the crash of a breaking thicket.

Silence again fell on the scene, more intense than before. The heat waves blurred the distant hills. The tinkling from the bell-leader seemed to be hushed in the heat. Hours passed and the evening came. The bleat of the ewes became more distinct to the man in the cabin, as they grazed their way to water.

Crimson streaks shot across the western sky, and under them, the hills became a dull, hazy hue. The broad expanse of shade merged into its own shadow, then vanished in the evening twilight.

As darkness fell upon the land, a soft, dull glow arose from the cabin. Thin wreaths of smoke curled from under the eaves, and from their midst tongues of flame shot out like serpents. The man, unconscious of it all, saw his sheep peacefully grazing. He sat with his Winchester across his knees. His face wore a languid, weary expression which bespoke the thoughts born of the existence he had been living. Why not go on and sleep forever?

The smoke became thicker. The man coughed and half choked, and a spark fell upon his hand, awakening him to his peril. He started from his seat. The flames were fast licking up the cabin. The man's skin became parched. "God," he cried, and stumbled into the night. The triumphant yell of an Indian was heard, then all was silent. The man with his mystery had passed to the land that tells no tales.

RUDOLF BAUM.

Pat's Job at the Circus

Pat was very hard up for a job. His last penny had been spent and he saw starvation staring him in the face. He was gazing dejectedly around when he noticed some brilliantly colored circus posters, and immediately conjured up visions of himself as a circus favorite, riding horses bareback, swinging in the air or turning himself inside out. Without a moment's hesitation he went to the manager of the circus and applied for a place, telling the manager at the same time of his straightened circumstances. The manager said: "Well, the only thing I can do for you is to give you an animal job."

Pat looked at him in amazement. "Yes, that is all I can do. It is very easy. Before the performance we will dress you up in a tiger's skin and put you in a cage. When the people come in, all you have to do is to walk around the cage and roar, and I shall see that you are well repaid for your services."

Pat was quite jubilant and presented himself at the appointed time. They dressed him in the tiger's skin and put him in the cage. He walked around roaring to the best of his ability, as he was told, but noticed with some uneasiness that there was an immense lion in the cage next to his. Finally he heard the manager say:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will now witness a remarkable exhibition. We shall let the lion go into the tiger's cage and you will see the meeting between the two mortal enemies, the lion and tiger."

Poor Pat was prostrated. He sat down in the corner and prayed, while the breathless audience crowded nearer. He believed every moment to be his last, and heard the bolts pushed back as if he were in a trance. Suddenly he saw the snarling jaws of the lion about a foot from his face. Knowing defense to be useless and in too dazed a condition to act, he saw the lion's head come near, and had just resigned himself to fate and his launch into Eternity, when he heard in muffled tones, "Niver mind, Pat, O'im an Oirishman mesilf!"

LOTTIE COLLINS.

The Price of a Room

"It iss a shame, dot's vat id iss. I never saw noddings like id. 'No; we have none left'—bah. I haf de money to pay for a room, but dat von't bring id. I vould like to know vot de price iss."

Isaac Morris Levy walked dejectedly up and down the street, his hands jingling the coins in his pockets. Yes, he had money all right, but to his chagrin, it did no good. He had always lived in San Francisco, and now—how he longed for his cramped, dingy store, selling his cheap bargains in clothing and general merchandise—the latter being his great specialty.

He walked into the office of a hotel, trying to feel the confidence in himself that he assumed. He strode to the desk and examined the register, then turned aside and blinked furtively at the clerk. This most worthy gentleman was eyeing him with much disfavor.

"Can you gif me a room?" asked Isaac. "I vould like von wid a bath, if you blease."

"Nein; we have none left," was the answer.

"But dere are not many names on de register. Surely you haf more rooms dan dat. I haf money to bay for id."

"I can't help it. There are no rooms vacant." Again he was on the street amid the crowds. The many different diversions held no interest for him. The gay shop windows, decorated in their holiday garb—for it was Christmas season—the handsome carriages, military men of high rank—all of them were in league against him to drive him back to San Francisco.

"Vot, oh, vot, iss de brice of a room?" he said in disgust, over and over again. So, knowing not which way to turn, he walked sorrowfully down the street until he drew near to the "Adlon Unter den Linden."

Afar off in the direction from whence he had come rose shouts and acclamations. People all around him on the crowded thoroughfares were turning around and looking backward. Before long these shouts grew louder and people grew anxious to know what was about to happen. Then, lo and behold! There came first three outriders abreast, gorgeously mounted on proud horses, with silver-mounted harness, magnificent in resplendent livery. Then followed a carriage drawn by two chestnut horses with flowing manes. The personage in the carriage was not in himself much to look at.

"By de great brophet Moses! It's only dat Jacob Goldstein! Because he has joined the National Guards he iss making a show fit for Bresident Rosenfeldt," exclaimed Isaac.

Isaac swung around as a compass in the presence of a magnet and directed his steps in the direction taken by his old enemy, Jacob. "Anyway," he said to himself, "I will see vot he does for rooms. Perhaps he vill help me out in getting von—but I doubt id." Jacob and he had been business rivals in San Francisco.

Following the carriage, he saw Jacob alight before the "Adlon," and enter the office. After the wait of a few moments he entered also, strode to the desk to look at the latest name on the register. There it was, shining forth like "Solomon in all his glory"—"Hon. Jacob Goldstein, Col. N. G. C., San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

Isaac gasped. Words failed him. The immensity of the name had taken his breath entirely away. He turned away silently and went quickly out the door.

"Humph! De nerve, de nerve. Vell, I can do dat, doo. And, if I am not mistaken, I can go him von bedder."

He inquired the nearest way to a livery stable and made his best speed to

that place. Here he provided an equipage that would have made many a man green with envy. He ordered four outriders both fore and aft, and four horses. While he awaited the fulfillment of his orders he stood outside the door, smoking a long black cigar, his thumb in his vest pockets, and his chest thrust out like a gamecock after a victory.

"Only a colonel. Vell, vell, dat's doo bad, Jacob. For vonce I vill get de better of you."

His meditations were interrupted by the voice of one of the lackeys, who bowed as he announced that the carriage was ready for mein Herr. He settled himself in the finely upholstered cushions and said in his deepest voice, "The Adlon."

The carriage drew up before the hotel. Bell boys ran out to assist mein Herr with his baggage and to bow him into the ante-room, where they relieved him of his coat and hat. Then with a loud "a-hem-m" he sallied forth in his "quest of the Golden Fleece." He walked majestically to the desk and wrote under the recent entry of Jacob these words—"Isaac Morris Levy, Gen. M. D. S. E., San Francisco, Calif., U. S. A."

After the last grand flourish he said to the clerk, "Give me the best suite, and send up my luggage."

"The best suite is occupied at present, but I will have it vacated. Wilhelm," beckoning to a man who stood near by, "see that Col. Goldstein is given suite two and as soon as he leaves number one, direct Gen. Levy to that suite. I will have your luggage sent up immediately, sir."

While waiting for the return of Wilhelm, Isaac walked back and forth in the office, wrapped up in his own reflections.

"Vell, I find dot money iss not de only ting. The Brice of a Room in Chermany is—a name wid a title."

SPENCER MASTICK.

"I don't want to be a Gibson Girl"—*H. A. Kassebaum*

And It Came to Pass

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT ——?

CHAPTER I.

I. Now it came to pass in the days when Dr. Thompson was principal of the Alameda High School that there was a deluge of Freshie boys which sojourned to the land of the school.

II. And there was a certain portion of cloth which had remained hidden for three terms, which was now brought forth, and the Freshie boys were led forth as a lamb to the slaughter, to yon corner space.

III. And, as the chief scribe commanded, the Freshies were placed in that piece of cloth, while a vast multitude of the tribe of the Alameda gathered round about.

IV. Then spake the great mogul, "Thou shalt be smitten and bounced for thy bigness of head."

V. And it came to pass.

VI. Then the mighty ones of the tribe lifted high the cloth upon which rested the wicked one of the captured tribe, and he was thrown high into heaven.

VII. At last he again descended to the cloth, only to soar yet many times more, and many of the tribe of the grammar school were smitten with the terrible ordeal.

VIII. Behold now at this time there dwelt in the Temple of the Alameda High Dr. Thompson, the Great Ruler, who, hearing the roaring of the multitude and the wailing of the captives, came forth to see.

IX. Now when he beheld the multitude circling about the idol in the cloth he waxed exceedingly wroth and came nigh to breaking all the commandments, and spake unto the people.

X. Wherefore do ye harden your hearts to do this wicked thing? And he commanded them to bring forth the cloth into the Temple of the Alameda.

XI. Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of the ruler, and they said, "Nay; that will we not do."

XII. Then great sorrow filled the heart of the great ruler, for he loved dearly all the people, and he grieved exceedingly that they had sinned.

XIII. And it came to pass that the leaders and the captain of the hosts were assembled together in the Temple.

XIV. Then spake the ruler unto them, "Wherefore did ye do this sinful thing? Thou hast broken the law of the Ruler of the Alameda."

XV. And they answered not a word, knowing that they had sinned; and fear came upon all those that dwelt round about.

XVI. Then answered the Chief Ruler, "Depart from me all ye cursed into everlasting vacation."

XVII. Then great sorrow filled the hearts of the leaders, and they sojourned to the land of their birth.

XVIII. But after a space of six days they were forgiven by the Great Ruler, and they were again restored to the fold.

XIX And it came to pass that rejoicing prevailed in the land of the tribe of the Alameda.

CHAPTER II.

I. There was in these days a certain Chief Priest named Brush of the tribe of the Seniors, who walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Ruler, blameless.

II. According to the custom of the Chief Priest, his lot was to minister to the needs of the people, at the services of the students' gatherings.

III. And he was dearly beloved by all the people. And it came to pass that there was a great famine of "sheckles" in the land, and he spake by the mouth of the Great Ruler, saying, "Blessed is the man who payeth his student dues."

IV. And it was decreed by the rulers of the tribes that whosoever shalt not pay his tithes unto the collectors of the Customs that he be forbidden to attend the feast of the tribes in the great meeting.

V. And it came to pass.

VI. Now there dwelt many in the land who were exceedingly "tight" with their silver and gold. Nevertheless, they knew that the Great Ruler and the Chief Priest had spoken and they sold their garments and precious stones and brought the money into the temple.

VII. And it happened that more gold and precious stones were necessary, and a great feast of intellect and music was provided. And great rejoicing dwelt in the land during this time.

VIII. Thus much "lucre" was added unto the Temple of the Alameda, and it was so.

IX. Nevertheless, armor was needed for the mighty warriors of the great nation before they fought their enemies.

X. And the Chief Priest said, "Put on the whole armor that ye may withstand the onslaught of the enemy."

XI. And it was so. And strong armor of canvass was placed on all the warriors of the nation, and they prepared for the conflict.

XII. Then the children of the tribe of the Alameda lifted up their voices and cried unto the Chief Priest and rulers, saying, "Wherefore will we gather the incense and costly ointments to pay for the armor of our great and noble warriors?"

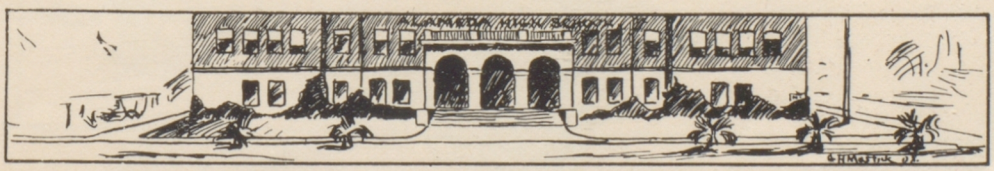
XIII. And it was decreed that a great costome feast and dance would be prepared and the gold and silver used to pay the expenses of the armor of the warriors thereof.

XIV. And it came to pass.

XV. When the evening for the great festival had arrived, not a great multitude came to the feast. Therefore the Chief Scribe, Hez Kassebaum, spake unto the Chief Priest and Elders, saying, "Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid them come to the feast."

XVI. And they did as he had commanded, but there was great room for others. Therefore not many jewels and costly ornaments were added unto the temple, and great lamentations and wailing resounded throughout the land.

DEAC' TROY.



Senior Play

"The Taming of the Shrew"

CAST.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua		Spencer Mastick
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca		Edward Seagrave
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina		Homer Spence
Hortensio, Gremio	Suitors to Bianca	Kenneth Rogers, Maurice Kebby
Tranio, Biondello	Servants to Lucentio	Edwin Meyer, Earle McCann
Grumio, Curtis	Servants to Petruchio	John Coyle, Genevieve Bowers
Katharina, the Shrew		Genevieve Pattiani
Bianca		Mildred Lansing
Widow		Erna Seeger

For the first time in the history of the school a Senior play has been chosen by the graduating class that possesses in itself real merit. Farces and very light comedies alone have been produced up to this time, such farces as may be seen several times a week at any of the stock companies around the bay. Each one has been good, but because of the interesting local talent it displayed rather than the situations of the play itself.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is an attempt to show the school and the people of Alameda that high school pupils can produce successfully a true comedy of the highest type. The play itself needs no recommendation; it is from the pen of the world's master of drama; the interest and the humor of Shakespeare's lighter works is a well established fact, and "The Taming of the Shrew" is among his very best. It has been difficult, uphill work on the part of the cast, who, no doubt, would have found the production of a farce mere play in comparison. As this ACORN is due to appear on December 4th, the evening of the play, the results of their labor are now before you.

The class is to be congratulated on securing Mr. Garnet Holme as coach, as he is the successful leader of most of the college productions, and his fame precedes him. He has worked hard with the cast for the best possible results. Mr. Edwin Graff and Mr. Homer Spence have acted ably as managers.

Athletics.

Football.

Captain Kiser

Charles Kiser, Alameda's football captain for 1908, has played an excellent game at right half this season, besides being a splendid captain and calling forth the friendship and the respect of his fellows. He distinguished himself as full-back last season, and was selected for that position on the all A. A. L. team. He will probably fill the position of half-back for the A. A. L. team this year.

Football Squad, '08

Football

At last Alameda High School has turned out a football team that is worthy of all the spirit and ambitions of the school. It has waited throughout all its thirty years of existence for just such a team, and now, when it has at last come, it is ready to support it. No longer is it necessary to mend the disappointed hopes and fallen prospects, by declaring that "although we didn't do much this fall, we certainly will next."

We began the season auspiciously by securing the services of "Pete" Smith for coach. He knows the game thoroughly and has instilled a spirit into the fellows that knows of no opposition. Moreover, there is no one more popular with the team than "our Peter."

The season commenced with the Lowell game, which resulted in a score of 10-5 in our favor. Lowell made its score by stealing the ball just as we were going over for a third touchdown. Our next victim was Oakland Poly, on October 1, when we won the day by a score of 23-0 in fifteen minutes of playing. Unfortunately, Bronson was injured in this game, as some of the bones of his foot were fractured, and his valuable services have been lost to the team from that time. On October 3 we journeyed to San Rafael and overwhelmed Mt. Tamalpais by a score of 39-0. The Mt. Tamalpais game completed the list of practice games.

The First League Game.

The league season opened for Alameda on October 4, with a game with California College. On account of rain in the second half, and consequently a very slow field, we could do no better than finish with 67-0 in our favor. It was too bad, but then the boys did their best, and one can't look for a very large score on a muddy field. On the following Tuesday Oakland Poly forfeited to us, as we had already completely outclassed them in the practice game.

The Fruitvale Game.

On October 24th the team clashed with Fruitvale in the hardest and the best exhibition of high school football given this season. By a fluke similar to that of the Lowell game, Fruitvale managed to score six points, but our fellows piled up twenty-three. This game was a great shock to Fruitvale, as they had been confident of breaking Alameda. It was a very interesting game from all standpoints, but especially from ours.

The Oakland Game.

And then that sub-league championship with Oakland! Our team outweighed and outplayed the Oakland boys, as the rest of the faithful outrooted the Oakland bunch, which is saying a good deal. The score stood 16-0 at the end of the first half, and was piled up to 38-0 at the finish. It was a great game, even though so one sided, and the playing was splendid throughout. The sensational features of the day were two 40-yard runs to touchdowns, made by Edwin Graff. The whole Alameda team played so well, however, that it is impossible to distinguish the best workers.

At the close of the Oakland game, the total score of all the season's contests, but six in number, stood 200-11. Quite a record!

A few words as to the personnel of the team.

Kiser, the captain, has played a phenomenal game and is easily the best half in the league.

The other half, Charlie Baum, may be relied upon to gain ground in any game, besides acquitting himself very creditably as manager.

Graff, full-back, has been a tower of strength to the back field, tearing through the opponents' line at will with his two hundred pounds.

Brush, our quarter, has made a clean sweep of every other quarter in the

league, and it is due to his headwork and gritty playing that many of the victories have been won.

The two "bullet" ends, Gelderman and D. Bruzzone, have both accomplished big gains in forward passes, and have been the stumbling blocks of many an opposing half.

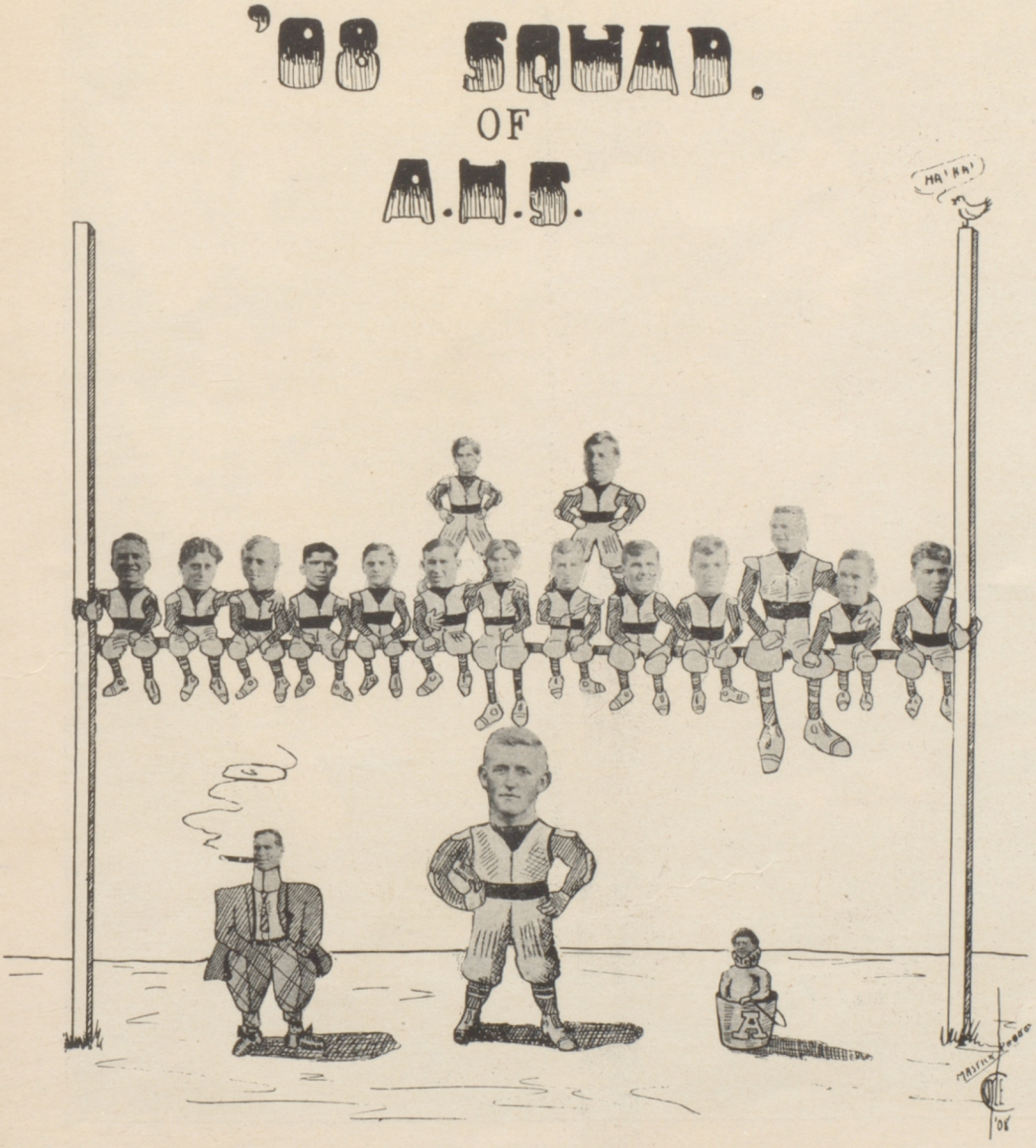
Seigfried and "Rudy" Baum have made their parts of the line impregnable by their weight and hard playing.

Bruzzone has been a regular stone wall to opponents at guard, and is the A. A. L. choice for that position. Parker, the other guard, has played a steady game throughout the season.

Anthony has put up a fine game at center and has even surpassed his last year's form.

Bates, Etter, Medcraft and Porter, the substitutes, have shown up well in the games in which they have taken part.

M. P.



Track Team

Alameda's track team has developed a number of new runners this fall. Noticeable among them is Vernon Thorp, the captain. After weeks of hard training for the B. C. L. he ran the hardest race of his life in the mile, giving Hartwell a hard fight for first honors. The two rivals again met in the A. A. L. Field Day, and, although his opponent again breasted the tape just ahead of him, Thorp showed great improvement, carrying off second honors as before. The spring season will probably find him running in the lead.

Senior Acorn Staff

The Senior Acorn

December, '08

Entered in the Postoffice at Alameda, Cal., as Second-Class Mail Matter

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Gertrude Brown

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

Wynne Meredith — Cary A. Troy

STORIES.

Lucy Standefer — Mildred Lansing

SCHOOL NOTES.

Genevieve Bowers

BOYS' ATHLETICS.

Football—Meredith Parker — Track—Edwin Graff

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Helene Powell

JOSHES.

Genevieve Pattiani — Spencer Brush

ART STAFF.

John Coyle — George Mastick — Horace Wooley
Charles Medraft

BUSINESS STAFF.

Manager ..... Homer Spence

ASSISTANT MANAGERS.

Kenneth Rogers — Leslie Bates

A Word About Our Acorn

The Senior Acorn is now before you. It is presented not as an example of literary perfection, but merely to serve as a momento of those who are about to graduate, and of the school that has been so much a part of their lives for the past four years. It is the result of several months of labor, and whatever its merits or its shortcomings may be, those who have put their time and their energy into it feel that they at least have done their best. Accept it for what it is—a souvenir of the class of December, '08.

Much credit is due to Mr. Cary Troy, the assistant editor, who, together with the manager, Mr. Homer Spence, assumed all the responsibilities of the publication of this Acorn during the absence of the editor. To them, more than any others, is the class indebted, and it joins the editor in thanking them for the able services they rendered.

Catechisms All Little Children Should Know

Ques. What are books?

Ans. Books are printed or written volumes.

Ques. Are second-hand books desirable?

Ans. Yes, they have all the important facts and sayings underlined, while new books require the reading of the entire lesson.

Ques. Are new books ever used?

Ans. Yes, they are used by "digs."

Ques. What is a "dig?"

Ans. A "dig" is a person who buys new books and reads the entire lesson.

Ques. Are not all Alameda High students "digs?"

Ans. Yes, they are—not.

Ques. What are teachers?

Ans. They are modest, learned beings, who sit in front of the class and make the students tell what they know and bluff at what they don't know. They give grades which sometimes show the students' ability and industry.

Ques. What is Latin?

Ans. The definition of Latin is synonymous with Sherman's definition of war.

Ques. What is a Freshman?

Ans. A Freshman is a frightened individual just escaped from grammar school.

Ques. Are all Freshmen bright?

Ans. Yes, in their own estimation.

Ques. What is a Sophomore?

Ans. A Sophomore is a species of mankind almost as "green" as a Freshman and almost as egotistical as a Junior.

Ques. What is a Junior?

Ans. A Junior is one able in his own opinion to run the school, and who is almost as haughty and proud as a Senior.

Ques. What is a Senior?

Ans. This question is too much for any one man to answer.

(See Sporting Edition of the "War Cry.")

Ques. Are the teachers happy when the Seniors graduate?

Ans. Yes, so is the Principal, for it enables him to dwell on the virtues of the class, and to say that it is the best class that was ever graduated.

Ques. Is this true?

Ans. It is of the *Class of Dec., '08.*

Ques. What is the Associated Student Body?

Ans. The Associated Student Body is composed of the students who are not too "tight" to pay their student dues.

Ques. Does the Associated Student Body control the student affairs?

Ans. No.

Ques. What does it do?

Ans. Nothing.

Ques. What body controls the student affairs?

Ans. The Executive Committee.

Ques. What is the Executive Committee?

Ans. It is a kindergarten or a training school for future presidents of the Student Body.

Ques. Do the presidents require training?

Ans. Yes, they need all they can get, and then some.

Ques. Are the fair sex ever presidents of the Associated Students?

Ans. No.

[Continued on Page 58]

SORORITIES.

Alpha Sigma

Eta Chapter

P. G.

Olga Russell

GRADUATES

Mildred Lansing

Ione Connor

SENIORS

Harriet Figg

JUNIORS

Alice Teller

Marjorie Emmons

Dorothy Tisdale

Hazel Naylor

Margarita Burke

Lorraine Jordan

SOPHOMORES

Leslie Grieg

Helen Sargent

Marie Tyson

Edna Hickok

Marjorie Haight

Theo Spaulding

FRESHMEN

Anna Dodge

PLEDGED

Helen Burger

Constance Van Brunt

Beatrice Cummings

Gisela Haslett

Dorothy Warren

Delta Sigma Theta

Founded Nov. 17, 1905

GRADUATES

Wynne Meredith

SENIORS

Ethel Porter
Mary de Witt
Margaret Pewtress
Marion Troy

JUNIORS

Georgia Meredith
Hazel Cockroft
Bessie Troy
Ruth Soule

SOPHOMORES

Lelia Letson
Ethel Cameron
Dorothy Kutchel

FRESHMAN

Bernice Brooks
Pauline Smith

Omega Nu

CLASS OF 1908

Lucy Standefer

CLASS OF 1909

Alice Davis
Margaret Kenny
Irene Taylor
Martha Vaughan

CLASS OF 1910

Winifred O'Brien
Marjorie Taylor
Valerie Berlin
Jean Benedict
Rae Ruddell

ABSENT ON LEAVE

Edna Fischer
May Benedict

OUT OF SCHOOL

Ethel Olsen

PLEDGED

Frances Soule
Edna Eastman
Eugenia Vaughan
Florence Copeland
Margaret Dennison
Lavinia Robinson

Delta Sigma Gamma

ALUMNI

Bessie Searle
Beatrice Stedman
Myrtle Fisher

1910

Helen Harsch
Edna Wittman

1911

Edwina Harris
Marian Rhoades

PLEDGED

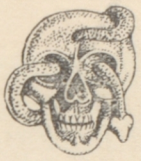
Vibiana McKay
Josephine Harsch
Florence Reeves

OUT OF SCHOOL

Ruby Forderer
Clara Martin
Florence Hay
Anita Junkins
Jane Morris

The Delta Sigma Gamma girls recently received a chapter from Sigma Lambda Sorority, and were initiated in November.

Skull and Serpent



Founded February 28, 1905

JUNE '05

Josephine Keenan — Eleanor French
Alice Mauer — Alice Harrington
Ethel O'Brien — Maude Fischer
Hope Cortelyou — Frances Amann

DECEMBER '05

Gertrude Comfort

JUNE '06

Helen White — Bessie Pratt
Ella Shreve — Bessie Penfield

DECEMBER '06

Jane Becker — Marjorie Cockroft
Ida Spence — Jean Tyson
Grace Renner — Adele Ehrenberg

JUNE '07

Viola Minor — Gertrude Postel
Edith Cameron — Minnie Anderson
Emmy Lemcke — Roberta Haslett

DECEMBER '07

Mann Henkenius — Caro Simonson
Jane Cooper — Dolores Bradley

Sylvia McCurrie

JUNE '08

Ruth Shreve — Margaret Spence

Gladys Brooks

DECEMBER '08

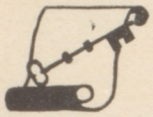
Erna Seeger — Mary Teller

JUNE '09

Irma Foveaux — Dorothy Clarke

Mary de Witt

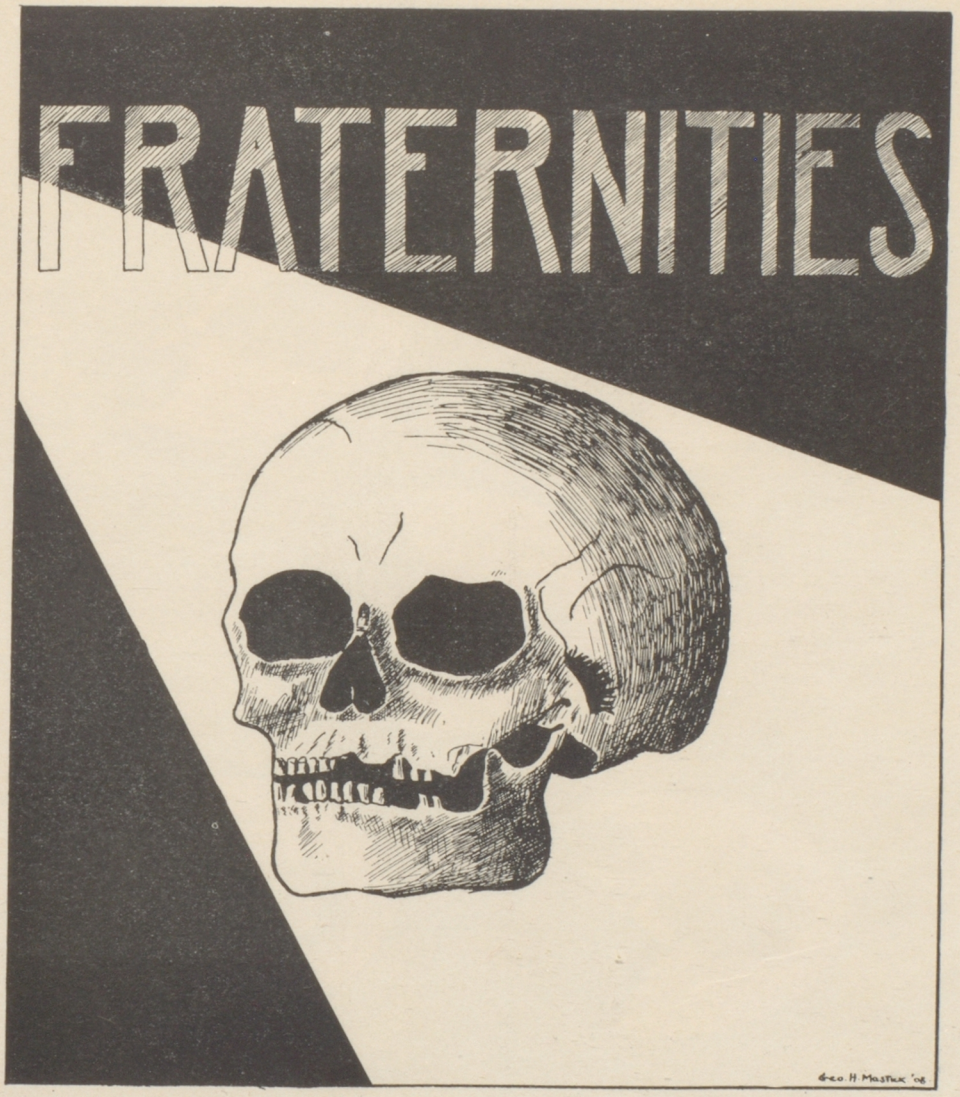
Scroll and Key



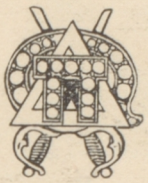
Honor Society

Mildred Lansing
Alice Davis
Dorothy Tisdale
Wynne Meredith
Lucy Standefer
Alice Teller
Lura Ruddell
Marjorie Emmons

Ione Connor


FRATERNITIES
Geo H Mastick '08

Pi Delta Koppa



Founded at Michigan Military Academy, 1882

California Eta Chapter, Established 1902

GRADUATES

Spencer Brush — Meredith Parker

SENIORS

Earle L. Scofield — Kenneth W. Abbott

Alfred J. Geldermann

JUNIOR

Charles S. Dodge

SOPHOMORES

Edwin R. Anthony, Jr. — Fredrick I. Greenwell

Philip A. Wiggin

PLEDGED

Philip B. Plummer — Max Willkomm

Haslett H. Haight — Robert S. Sherrard

Harold H. Levkowicz

Phi Sigma

GRADUATE

Cary A. Troy

SENIOR

Chas. Baum

JUNIORS

Rudolph Baum

Maurice Kebby

SOPHOMORES

Lynde Burger

Chas. Murphy

Robt. D. Cortelyou

FRESHMAN

A. N. Baum

PLEDGED

William Howe

Jack Tufts

Phi Lambda Epsilon

California Delta Chapter

Established March 21, 1908

SENIOR

John Siegfried

JUNIORS

William H. Gale

Edward F. Seagrave*

SOPHOMORES

John G. Coyle

J. Morrel Porter

George L. Davis

FRESHMEN

Harry V. Adams

Lawrence H. Ives

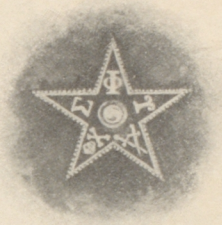
PLEDGED

Irving Culver

J. Clair Seagrave

* Absent on leave

Sigma Phi Upsilon



Epsilon Chapter

1908

Homer Spence — Henry Guerin*

Harold Percival*

1909

Heath Angelo

1910

Harry Kassebaum — Jack René

Harold Naylor*

1911

Guy Landsberg*

1912

Harold Jacobs

* Absent on leave

Phi Kappa Epsilon

Gamma Chapter

Founded January 7, 1907

Fratres in Schola

SENIORS

Edward A. Macaulay
Charles T. Perkins
Emil Bruzzone

JUNIORS

Charles A. Kiser

SOPHOMORES

Omer R. Etter

PLEDGED

Leonard Dangle
D. Bruzzone

Mask and Book

Senior Honor Society

Installed March, 1906

ALUMNI

Lawrence S. Lynch
Harry N. Nason
William S. Everts
Edmund S. Brush
Alan B. Field
Alfred L. Sundell
S. M. Haslett, Jr.
Byron H. Paul
Henry Jackson
Clarence B. Sanborn
Frederick M. Johnson

1908

Spencer Brush
Cary A. Troy
Meredith Parker

1909

Earle L. Scofield*
Alfred Gelderman
Charles Baum
Henry A. Kassebaum

* Absent on leave

Cannibal Club

Founded in Berkeley, Calif., 1903

Alameda Tribe Established August, 1908

GRADUATE

Cary A. Troy

SENIORS

Earle L. Scofield*

Henry A. Kassebaum

JUNIORS

Rudolph Baum

Edward F. Seagrave*

SOPHOMORES

Edwin R. Anthony

Robert D. Cortelyou

Fredrick I. Greenwell

Lynde F. Burger

John T. Coyle

ALUMNI

Harold H. Keys

Browning Dexter

George N. Browning

PLEDGED

William H. Gale

* Absent on leave

Catechisms All Little Children Should Know

(Continued from Page 34)

Ques. Why not?

Ans. The students do not believe in Women's Suffrage.

Ques. But do not girls vote?

Ans. Yes, but that is in order to get their student dues.

Ques. Are the student dues very necessary?

Ans. Yes, for without them the athletic teams could not be maintained.

Ques. Do the girls have athletic teams?

Ans. Yes.

Ques. Why?

Ans. To take some of the money which would otherwise be expended for boys' athletics. They feel they must get their money's worth.

Ques. Do the teachers like the girls?

Ans. Yes.

Ques. Why?

Ans. Because they study.

Ques. Why don't the fellows study?

Ans. They have too much sense; furthermore, their time is too valuable to waste.

Ques. Do any of the fellows study?

Ans. Yes, the Seniors.

Ques. Why?

Ans. They have had all the fun they desire and have nothing else to do.

Ques. What is a Senior Farce?

Ans. It is a "farce" which the fond mothers and adoring fathers attend, in order to see their dear "Marys" and stalwart "Bills" display their theatrical talents.

Ques. What is a Senior Acorn?

Ans. It is a publication of the Senior Class, in which they insert their photographs and a few old jokes.

Ques. What is Commencement?

Ans. It is the time the Seniors receive permission to enter college or climb the ladder of fame in the outside world. Before commencement a fellow deprives himself of root beer in order to send flowers to his "lady." After commencement he is loaded like a pack mule, or any other kind of a mule, and carries the flowers to "her" house.

CARY A. TROY.

Class Song (to the tune of "Cheer Up, Mary.")

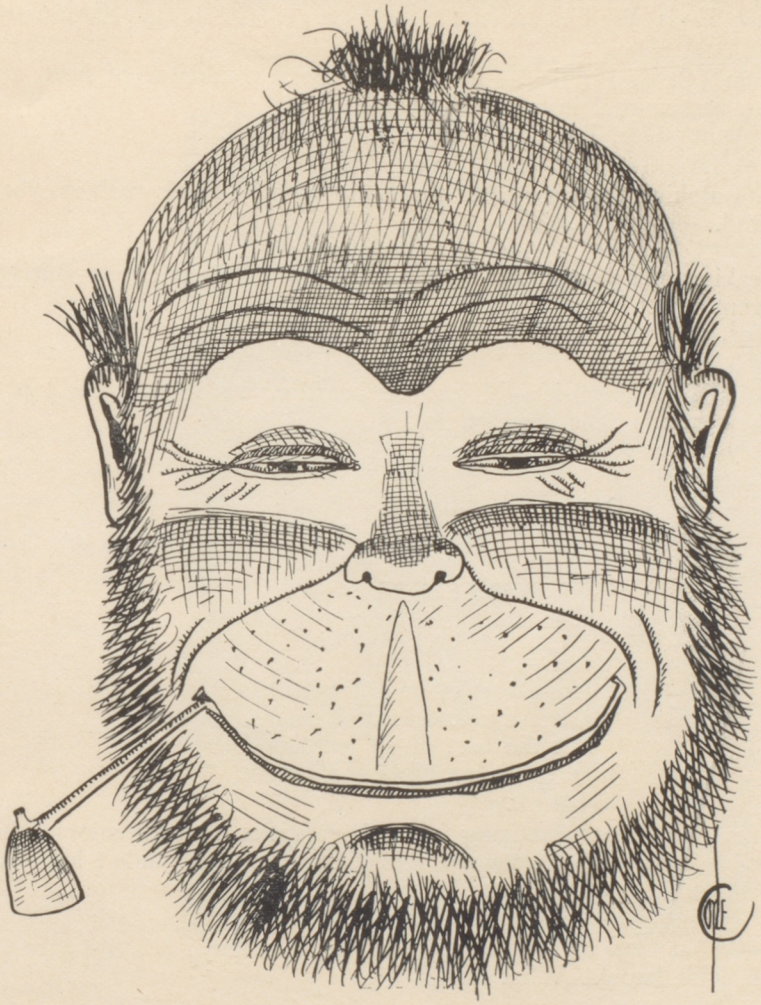
(To be sung at Graduation.)

It's awful good of all of you to see us safely through,
So long, teachers;
We kind of thought you wouldn't, and it made us very blue,
So long, teachers;
This makes up for all the fours and fives,
That so often darkened up our lives,
So farewell, we say,—and

Chorus.

So long History, History, oh, we'll miss you so,
So long English, 'tis sad to part with you and go,
And we'll all be longing for you, Physics, while we roam,
So long German, don't forget to land 'em home.

JOSMES·



What We Know About Shakespeare

"A Comedy of Errors".....Freshman Class Meeting
"Much Ado About Nothing".....Sophomore Class Meeting
"Love's Labor Lost".....Junior Class Meeting
"The Tempest".....Senior Class Meeting
"All's Well That Ends Well".....Graduation

Mr. Minimum (S. B. Physics)—Flannel is a poor conductor of heat, and therefore keeps a person cool in a hot climate.
Miss Patty Anne—Gee, I hope I'll be buried in flannel.

Cary Troy (watching the class enter the Latin room)—Fools rush in where angels fear to trod.

Rogers (speaking of rubber being a poor conductor of electricity)—But you can get a jolt from a wet hose.
Teacher—Yes, and you can get a jolt from a glass bottle.

Mr. Marshall (Oral English)—When you breathe you only fill the top of your lungs. The result is little short pants.
This probably refers to the Freshmen.

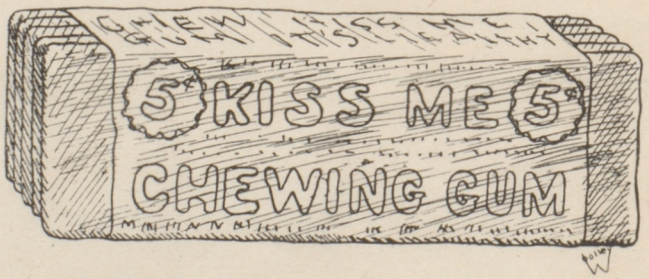
Before:—
"There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

After:—
There are letters of accent,
There are letters of tone,
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone."

The Freshmen girls were practicing for their reception to the Seniors, when Mr. Minium, away down in the basement, remarked: "Why, I didn't know we had a special wire to the Park Theater."

Gelderman—What kind of people go to heaven, Anthony?
Anthony—I don't know. What kind?
Gelderman—Dead ones.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS—as seen by the faculty



Miss Pattiani (speaking of Shakespeare's works)—"Next comes three parts of Henry V and two parts of Henry VIII."

Clever Senior (whose mother kept house)—"Stir well together and add a few currants."

Parker plays a dandy game,
As round the field he whirls,
But during all the time he keeps
His eye upon the girls.

A Shining Light Ever Leading Us On

WILSON'S WHISKERS.
THAT'S ALL.!!

A howling success—a rooters' section.

Kassebaum—"Say, Greenwell, bring a lemon with you Friday night, will you?"

But Fred came unaccompanied *that* night.

Mr. Westergard—"The next thing to learn is the management of the pause" (paws).

McCann—"Calhoun said after his death that there would be two presidents."

Prize Puzzle: If you kill time all the time, how long a time will it take to kill all the time? Then, what time will you have to bury it?

Selah!

Mr. Westergard—"The speaker then called for the eyes and nose." Teeth, too, Mr. Westergard?

Speaking of Gelderman, how do we know that he is so interested in art? Because he goes into the study hall to see Janet Painter.

Miss White—You may all come to school tomorrow prepared to take the life of Tennyson.

Mr. Minium—"Do you know, I've actually seen small boys, while licking the frost off door nobs, have their tongues frozen to the iron."
"Tongue-tied?" suggested Mr. Sage Brush.

She—"Is he stingy?"
He—"Yes; he's so stingy he talks through his nose to save the wear and tear on his teeth."

Mr. Marshall (to Bill Gale, who had failed to recite)—"Well, Bill, you didn't kick up such a gale today."

Mr. Marshall (to Shorty Davis after a failure)—"Well, Davis, you are not so "short" but what I can see you."

N. B.—Mr. Marshall is an applicant for the position of Lord High Everything of the josh department, a position which was so ably filled by Mr. Gilbertson last term. These two specimens of his capability are printed so that the school may judge fairly in the matter.

THE WALK-OVER

"Oh, say, did you hear about the fun we had in history? You missed it! You know Mr. Westergard posted us on all the political questions before election, and told us that the last day we'd have an informal debate of some sort or other on the relative merits of Taft and Bryan. Well, he told us also that we'd take a straw ballot after it was all over, to see how the class stood. So we came to class, and Mr. Westergard acted as chairman in a very grand manner. Cary spoke first in favor of Taft. Then 'Mini' said he'd talk in favor of Bryan, though he really liked Taft better, you know. He gave the craziest spiel, all in the most polished 'Ladies and gentlemen, the question to be debated' tone, you know, and the sum total of all he said was that Bryan should be elected 'cause he'd tried so hard twice before, and that both were certainly great men. Cary then jumped up again, and said he knew Bryan was a great man, but Taft undoubtedly was a greater one, making a big sweep with his arms. Well, we nearly died laughing! Then Spencer tried to say that Bryan should be elected because he could run three times, when Taft couldn't run at all, but Mr. Westergard put a stop to all such nonsense. Things went on pretty seriously for awhile, until one of the boys said that Taft would follow Roosevelt's policies and undoubtedly fall back on Roosevelt, after his election. Irene Taylor then objected, on the ground that that certainly would be pretty hard on poor Roosevelt, such a fall, you know. My, but it was funny! Then Cary, in his big-bluff manner, moved that we take the ballot, as our political convictions must surely be firmly and sincerely fixed. Well, it was all we could do to keep from laughing, 'cause we knew what was coming. Mr. Westergard, of course, was in blissful ignorance, and appointed half a dozen as election officials. Well, we voted, and the ballot stood one for Bryan (by mistake), one for Mr. Westergard and twenty-four for Debs! For Debs! Oh, yes, of course we'd fixed it all up before, you know. My, but Mr. Westergard was amazed, and so grieved and disappointed, 'cause we hadn't taken things more seriously. Poor fellow! But twenty-four votes out of twenty-six for Debs! Wasn't it killing?"

Heard 100 B. C.

Married men don't live longer than single ones—it only seems longer.

Kissing is unhealthy—if father catches you at it.

Similarity between a "rut" and a "grave"—A grave is a short hole in which dead people are buried, and a rut is a long one in which live people are buried.

How I missed her! How I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine!
Till I kissed her younger sister,
Then I found it quite divine. —*Ex.*

Wanted—A good Latin Pony. Address?

Dear Mr. Cupid is awfully stupid
About some people's affairs,
He starts all the cases,
And leads such gay paces,
That he often gets people in snares.

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Lemos Illustrating Co.
Engravers